



FUNNYMAN

MAY 1948

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

NO. 4

10c





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEW Swiss Chalet CLOCK

NEW! DIFFERENT! SENSATIONAL!
Here's BEAUTY! Here's ACTION!
Here's the PERFECT
TIMEPIECE!

It's Guaranteed
only \$3.69
2 for \$6.95

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING ELECTRIC CLOCK VALUE!

Watch the Rainbow Colored Whirling Disc Spin Round and Round as Time Marches On!

Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precision electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original and the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of \$3.69 or two for \$6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles on the roof and the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6 1/4 inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

Don't be disappointed! Don't pass up this buy of a lifetime and be sorry afterwards. Rush your order for one or more Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks today while the supply is still available. First come, first served. Just mail your order on the handy coupon below.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 4711
 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

- ☐ Rush me the new Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. I will pay the postman only \$3.69 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges on arrival with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return the clock within 10 days for refund.
- ☐ Send me 2 Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks for the special price of only \$6.95 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges.

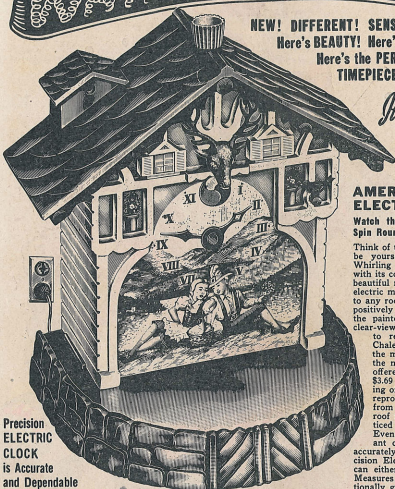
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

- ☐ Enclosed is full payment in advance to save shipping charges. Rush me _____ clocks @ \$3.69 each plus 20% Federal Tax (\$4.43) or two clocks for \$6.95 plus 20% Federal Tax (\$8.34).



Precision
ELECTRIC
CLOCK
 is Accurate
 and Dependable

The electric motor which powers this clever time piece is the quiet kind which requires no winding. There is no hum to disturb your sleep. Just plug it into your electric socket and watch the multi-colored spinning disc whirl away the passing of time.

You'll Love Every Feature Of This New Clock



Colorful
Whirling
Disc
 Revolves
 Continuously



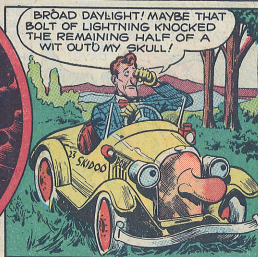
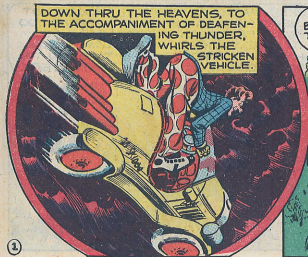
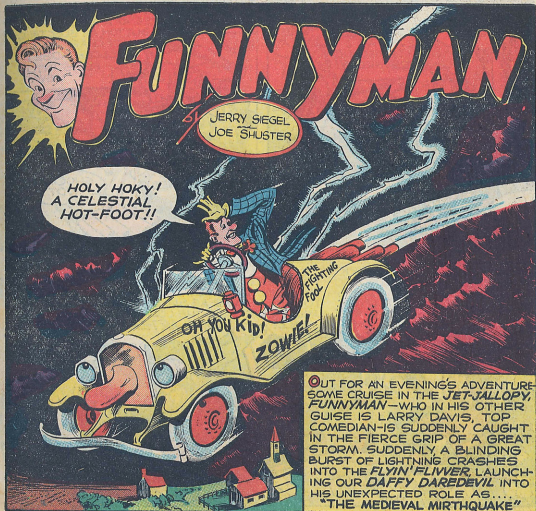
Native Bird
 Adds a
 Quaint
 Decorative
 Touch



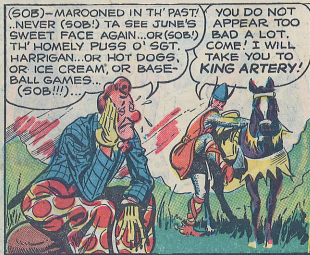
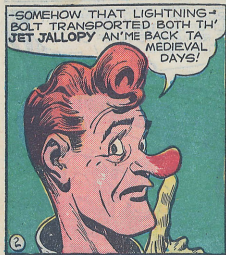
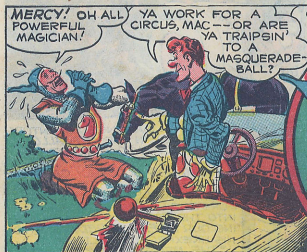
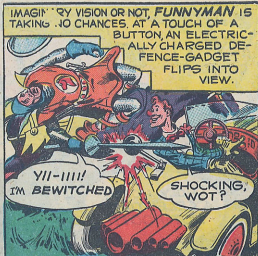
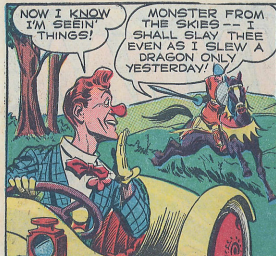
Realistic-looking
Beautifully Colored
Pot of Flowers
 Adorns Each Side
 of Chalet

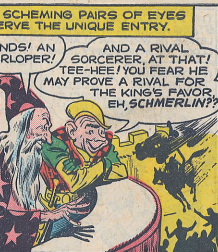
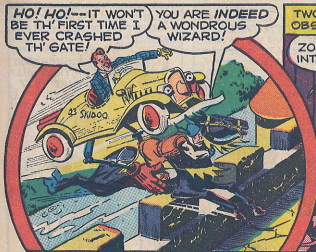
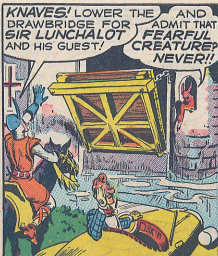
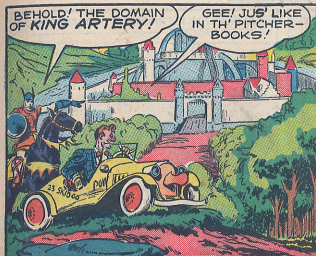


Ornamental
Deer's Head
 Is Mounted
 Over Clock Dial

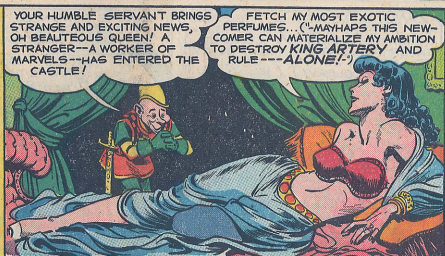


FUNNYMAN





HIS WICKED LITTLE EYES SPARKLING MISCHIEVOUSLY, ZANIE, THE KING'S JESTER, SCAMPERS TO THE SUITE OF HIS SECRET MASTER, SCHEMING QUEEN HOTCHA.



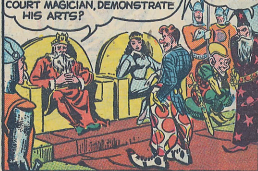
FUNNYMAN

SOON AFTER, **FUNNYMAN** IS RECEIVED IN A MANNER BEFITTING A VISITING MAGICIAN.

WELCOME TO MY KINGDOM. WOULDST THOU CARE TO WITNESS **SCHMERLIN**, THE COURT MAGICIAN, DEMONSTRATE HIS ARTS?

WHY NOT?

HM-MPH!



SCHMERLIN PERFORMS SEVERAL SIMPLE TRICKS.

BEHOLD! WATER INTO BLOOD!

PHOOIE! ARE YOU CORNY! NO WONDER VAUDEVILLE IS DEAD!

IF THE HONORED GUEST FEELS HE CAN DO BETTER, HE IS WELCOME TO TRY!



THE PRINCE OF PRANKSTERS ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE. HE WHIPS AN ALARM-CLOCK FROM HIS FLOPPY JEANS.

IT LITERALLY TELLS TIME!

HE IS INDEED A MIRACLE MAN!



FUNNYMAN DASHES OFF TO THE JET-JALLOPY AND RETURNS WITH AN EVEN GREATER SENSATION.

A GIFT FROM ME TO YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!

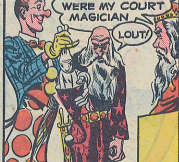
DELIGHT-FULL!



HOWZIS FER A YOK-GETTER? A RABBIT OUTA **SCHMERLIN'S** BONNET!

BY MY ANCESTORS, YOU ARE THE GREATEST WIZARD OF THEM ALL! WOULD THAT YOU WERE MY COURT MAGICIAN.

LOUT!



ZANIE! OUR GUEST HAS OFFERED MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF ENTERTAINMENT. TITILLATE HIM WITH SOME TOMFOOLERY!

TEE-HEE! AS YOU COMMAND, MOST MIGHTY OF ALL MONARCHS!



YOU'LL BE ENTRANCED! **ZANIE** IS THE MOST COMICAL JESTER IN ALL THE KINGDOMS! (CHUCKLE)

YEAH? ODD HE'S NEVER MADE TH' TOP HOOPER RATINGS!

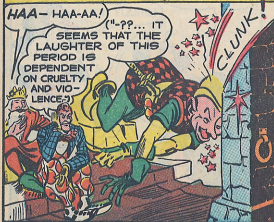


FUNNYMAN

DELIBERATELY, ZANIE SPRINTS ACROSS THE THRONE ROOM AT TOP SPEED, THEN...

HAA— HAA-AA!

("??... IT SEEMS THAT THE LAUGHTER OF THIS PERIOD IS DEPENDENT ON CRUELTY AND VIOLENCE.")



NEXT, THE JESTER PURSUES A CRIPPLED LAD ABOUT THE ROOM, WHACKING HIM WITH A BLADDER.

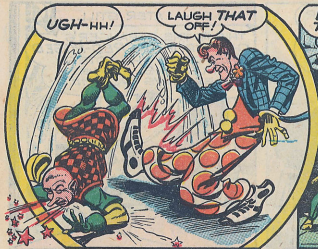
HYAK! HYAW-HAWW-WWW!

THE BULLY!



UGH-HH!

LAUGH THAT OFF!

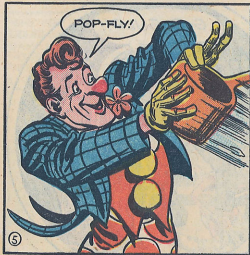


EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

A MINOR-LEAGUE DURANTE, HAH?



POP-FLY!



A TOSS TO HOME-PLATE! YOU'RE OUT!

NOT ONLY IS THE STRANGER A MAGICIAN— BUT— A COMEDIAN!



SPUTTERING WITH FURY, FUNNYMAN'S FOE HOISTS A WATER-BAG ALOFT, AND CHARGES...

WE'LL SEE WHO IS REALLY THE FOOL!

MAY I?

YOU MAY!

A LITTLE DAMP BEHIND THE EARS, AREN'T YOU??

(GASP!)
(SPLUTTER)

LATER

I HATE HIM!
OH, HOW I
HATE HIM!!

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR VENGEANCE, MY FAITHFUL FOOL, AFTER YOU LURE HIM INTO MY TOILS!

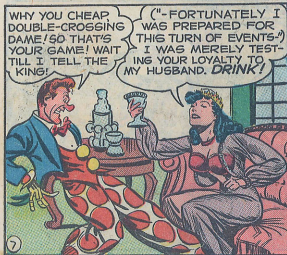
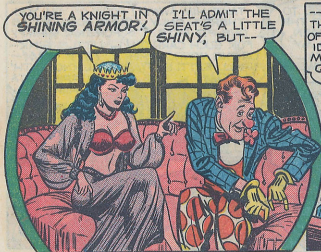
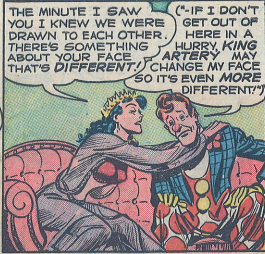
AND SO--LATER STILL...

THIS IS THE STRANGER'S CHAMBER. IF THE RED-NOSED ONE OBEYS THIS NOTE'S INSTRUCTIONS...TEE-HEE-HEE-EE...HE'S DOOMED!

THIS NOTE--WRIT IN A FEMININE HAND--IMPLEORES ME TO FOLLOW THE BEAN-TRAIL...FOR THE SAKE OF A LOVELY LADY!--I DOOD IT!!

G-G-GULP!!

FUNNYMAN



YOU WILL SEEK AUDIENCE BEFORE THE KING---BE-CAUSE HE PROFESSED SUCH ADMIRATION FOR YOU, YOU WON'T BE SUSPECTED. THEN--**YOU KILL HIM!**

I--KILL--HIM...

SPLENDID SCHMERLIN! SOON THE THRONE WILL BE SOLELY **MINE!**



BUT, AFTER THE **SLAPHAPPY SLUGGER** LEAVES THE PLOTTERS' PRESENCE...

WHEW! GOOD THING I SPILLED OUT HALF THAT DRUGGED DRINK, UNNOTICED BY THE QUEEN. I HAD JUST ENOUGH WILL-POWER TO SUCCESSFULLY RESIST **SCHMERLIN'S** AUTO-SUGGESTION!

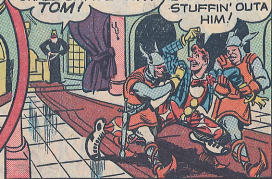


HEY, KINGIE! YA GOTTA GET HEP! **ZANIE, SCHMERLIN, AN' TH' OL' QUEEN--BEE HERSELF ARE PLANNIN' TA KNOCK YA OFF!**

YOU **DARE** TO INSULT THE QUEEN, AND MY LOYAL FOLLOWERS!

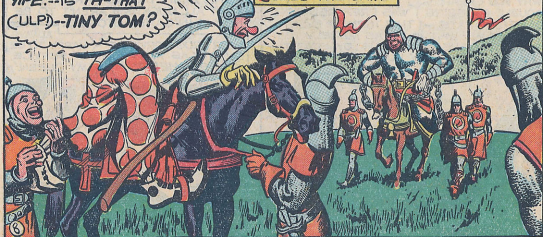
TAKE HIM AWAY! THERE'S ONLY ONE FIT FATE FOR SUCH CARRION! ON THE MORROW, HE SHALL BATTLE **TINY TOM!**

POOIE ON YOU, YOU BLIND FOOL! AN' AS FOR THAT SHRIMPY LITTLE GINK--**TINY TOM--** I'LL KNOCK TH' STUFFIN' OUTA HIM!



YIPE!--IS TH-THAT (ULP)--TINY TOM?

COMES THE DAWN



FUNNYMAN

(PS-ST! TINY TOM HAS BEEN INFORMED THAT IF HIS MACE SHOULD ACCIDENTLY KILL THE KING, HE WILL BE FREED.)

(EXCELLENT! BUT, NATURALLY, WE WON'T KEEP OUR WORD!)

(SIGH) I RATHER LIKED THE STRANGER. HOW UNFORTUNATE HE TURNED OUT TO BE A BLACK VILLAIN.

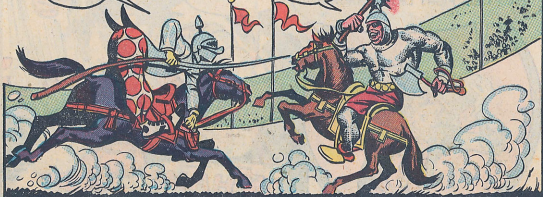
TINY TOM'S MANACLES ARE REMOVED. HE IS ARMED WITH GIANT MACE AND AXE. THEN--A GONG CLANGS--HERALDS TOOT TRUMPETS ...AND THE MAIN EVENT IS ON!

HAWWW--
HAWWW--
HAWWW!!!



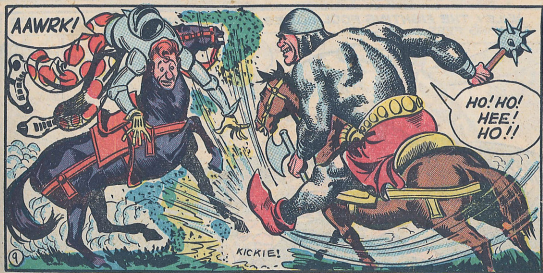
WOTSA BIG JOKE?

HO! HO! HEE!
HO!!

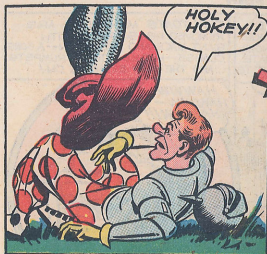


AAWRK!

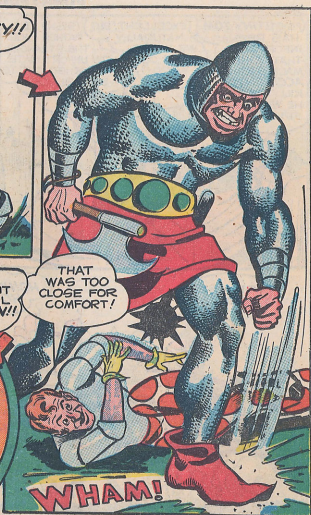
HO! HO!
HEE!
HO!!



FUNNYMAN

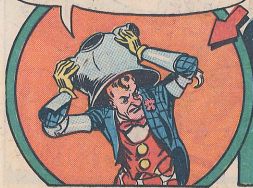


HOLY HOKEY!!



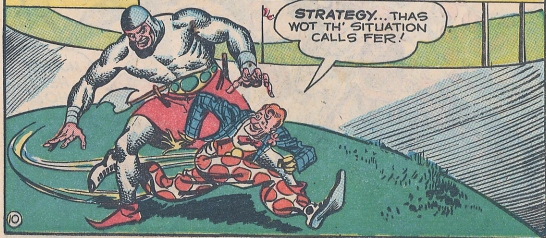
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

TO HECK WITH THIS STEEL STRAIGHT-JACKET! I'LL SHED IT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN--STILL BETTER, FIGHT LIKE FUNNYMAN!!



WHAM!

AGILEY, THE FIGHTING FOOL ELUDES HIS BROBDINGNAGIAN OPPONENT'S STAMPING FEET...



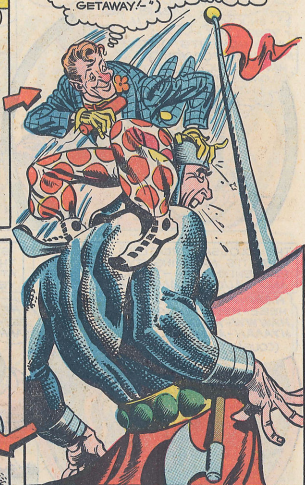
STRATEGY... THAS WOT TH' SITUATION CALLS FER!

FUNNYMAN

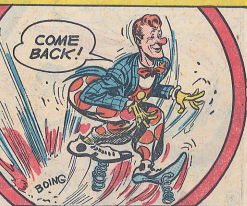
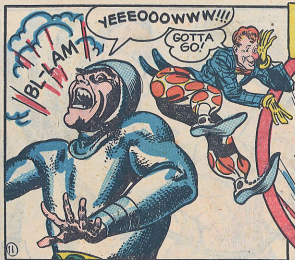
UP A TALL POLE HE CLIMBERS WITH ANTHROPOID SKILL.



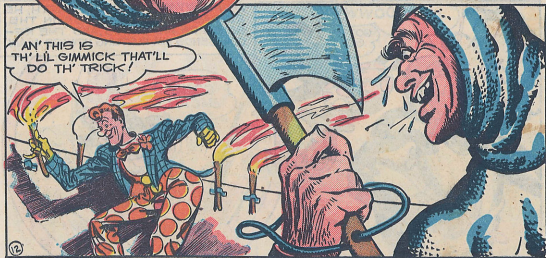
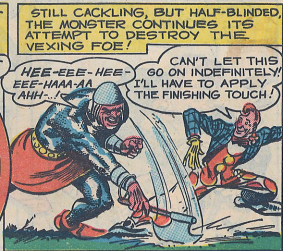
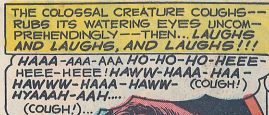
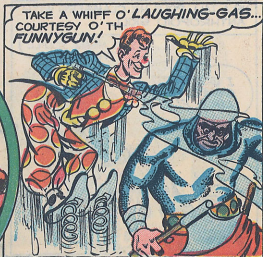
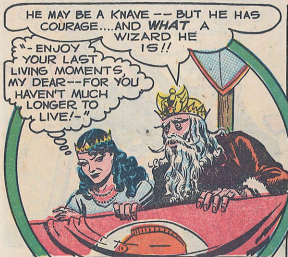
"THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION-- AND A SWIFTER GETAWAY!"



AS FUNNYMAN STRIKES EARTH, HE RELEASES THE SPRINGS IN THE SOLES OF HIS SHOES, AND THE RE-COIL SENDS HIM HURLING UPWARD AGAIN.



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

LOOKY WOT I GOT FER YA!
FREE FER NUTTIN'!

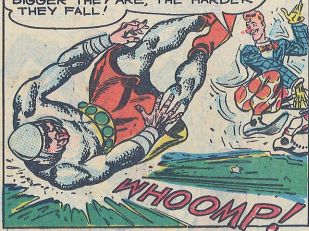


YOWW!!!

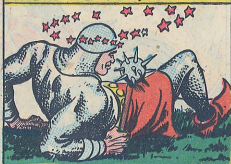
GEE! I GUESS
THIS MAKES ME
TH' GREATEST HOT-
FOOT CHAMP O' ALL
TIME!!



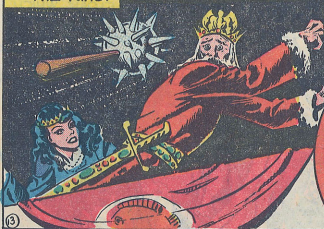
YEP! IT'S STILL TRUE. THE
BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER
THEY FALL!



THE MIGHTY FALL HAS STUN-
NED TINY TOM. BUT REALIZING
HE IS RAPIDLY SINKING INTO
UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND RE-
CALLING HIS PROMISE-- HE
PAINFULLY FORCES HIMSELF
SLIGHTLY UPWARD, AND...



... LAUNCHES FLASHING DEATH TOWARD
THE KING!



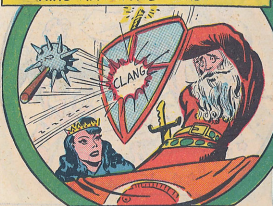
FUNNYMAN MAKES HISTORY
BY FIRING FROM THE
FUNNYGUN, FOR THE FIRST
TIME, A PLAIN, ORDINARY BULLET!

IT'S AGAINST ME
PRINCIPLES... BUT THE END
JUSTIFIES THE MEANS!



FUNNYMAN

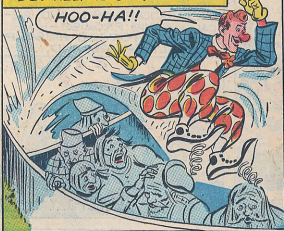
FUNNYMAN'S BULLET PIERCES A ROPE SUSPENDING AN ORNAMENTAL SHIELD A FEW FEET BEFORE AND ABOVE KING ARTERY'S HEAD.



QUICK-- WHILE THE KING'S GUARDS ARE DISTRACTED. KILL HIM! THE ASSASSIN WILL RECEIVE ONE-FOURTH OF THE KINGDOM!



BUT HELP IS ON THE WAY!



THE MAGNIFICENT STRANGER!

RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS!



TO THINK I HAD YOU SLATED FOR EXTINCTION-- WHEN YOUR SINCERE WARNING WAS ABSOLUTELY TRUE CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?

AW! IT WAS NUTTIN'!

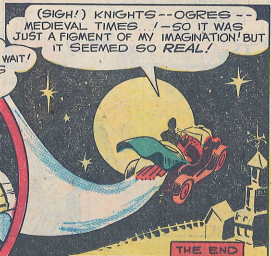
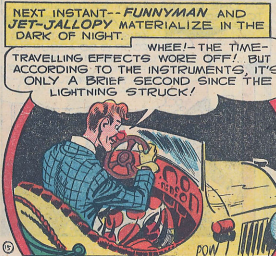
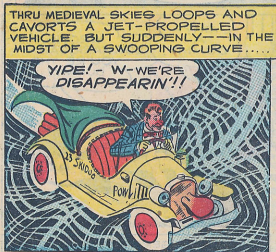
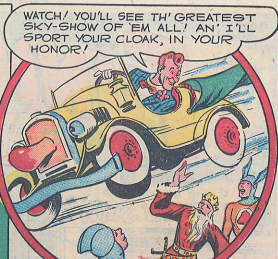
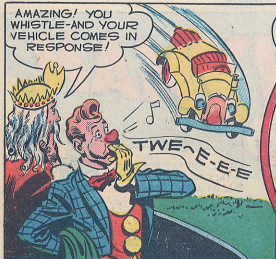


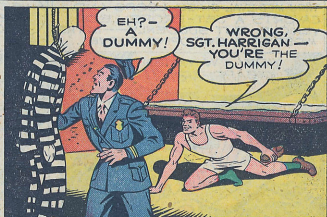
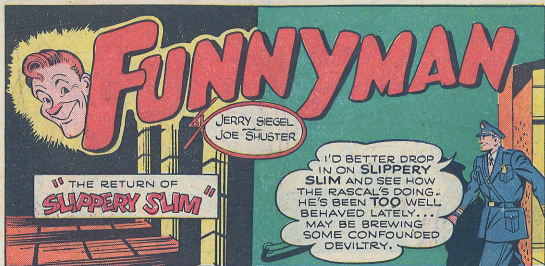
AS A SYMBOL OF MY GRATITUDE, I AWARD YOU THIS GLOAK, WHICH HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR CENTURIES. AND I REQUEST YOU TO ACCEPT THE OFFICE OF KING'S COUNSELLOR!

GEE! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!



FUNNYMAN





FUNNYMAN

HARRIGAN REVIVES.

OH-HH, MY HEAD! -- (GROAN!)
...WHEN THE INSPECTOR
HEARS O' THIS, IT'LL BE
OFF WITH ME
HEAD!

SGT. HARRIGAN!

STOP ACTING
LIKE YOU'VE NEVER
SEEN A MAN IN SHORTS
BEFORE, AND STRIP OFF
YOUR UNIFORM! AT
ONCE, I SAY!!

IF I HURRY,
I MAY NAB THE
ROTTER BEFORE
HE MAKES GOOD
HIS GETAWAY!

**MEANWHILE, APPROACHING POLICE
HEADQUARTERS: DYNAMIC COMIC,
LARRY DAVIS.**

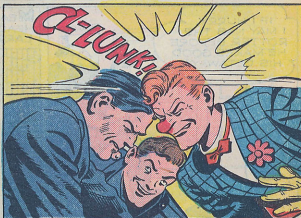
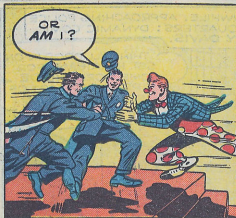
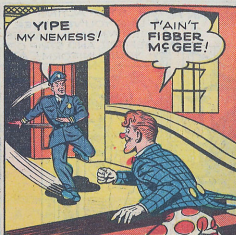
THINK I'LL DROP IN ON
SGT. HARRIGAN FOR
SOME MORE INSIDE
TIPS ON "THE ART OF
SCIENTIFIC CRIME
DETECTION!"

("-- THAT COP ISN'T
A COP! I RECOGNIZE HIS
FEATURES! IT'S
SLIPPERY SLIM --
ON THE LOOSE
-- AGAIN! --")

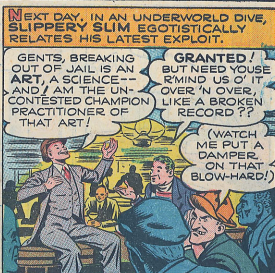
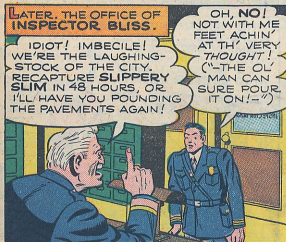
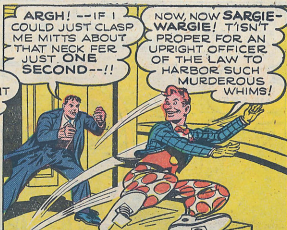
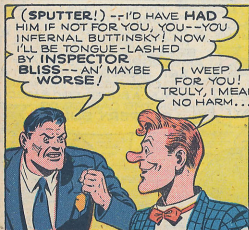
**DARTING INTO AN EMPTY AUTO, LARRY BREAKS
ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS FOR SPEED IN CHANG-
ING IDENTITIES.**

COMING UP!
AN ORDER OF
HAM -- AND --
FUNNYMAN!!!

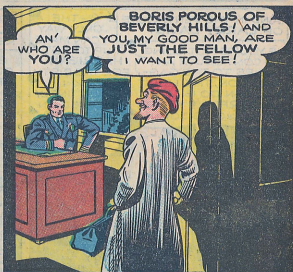
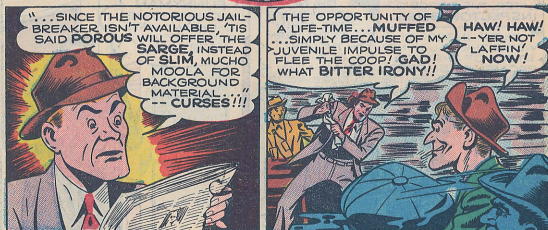
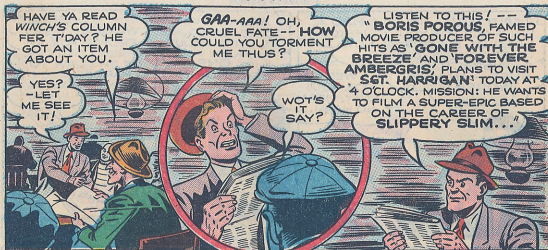
FUNNYMAN



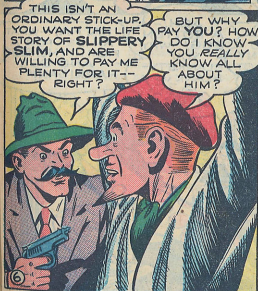
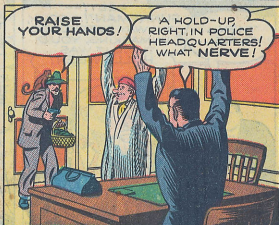
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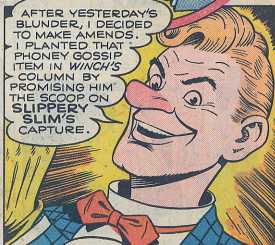
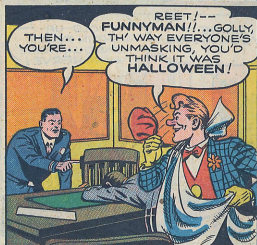
FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



THE AMATEUR GANGSTER

by Ray Gardner

MITTS TARRANT fancied himself as an amateur gangster. Not that he wouldn't take money for being a gangster; he just hadn't thought of a way to make it pay off for him yet. "It's all on account of I'm so careful," he would tell his cronies down in the Marble Hill section of town. "I never make a mistake."

He never did, either — well, hardly ever. Mitts came from the same part of town as the rest of the bunch. Marble Hill used to be the place for swells, about fifty years ago. Now it was just a batch of tenements, where guys like Mitts were born, year in and year out. Only most of them weren't as dumb as Mitts. Or as *smart*, whichever way you want to look at it.

As a starter, Mitts collected guns. He found an old Webley automatic, took it apart with his big hands, polished and cleaned it. Mitts had large hands, with long fingers, and could work wonders with tiny things like watch works or delicate springs on guns. He could have been a watch-maker. But Mitts wanted to be a gangster. And the Webley was his start.

After the Webley, came a Colt and a Smith-and-Wesson. He kept all three oiled and cleaned and neatly polished. He bought old holsters in the pawnshops and wore them all over himself, under his armpits, around his waist, and tucked under his trouser legs. Once he even went so far as to fashion a holster for a tiny automatic so he could carry it in his hat. He thought that was a good idea, except that when Mitts first put his new holster on display, a catch loosened and the gun fell out, hit the floor, and shot Rocky Nagle through the big toe. Rocky was a pretty tough boy. Mitts beat it before he could climb back up off the floor with his own rod out and spitting flame and lead.

Mitts went into hiding then, and two months later an F.B.I. squad headed by Jim Fallon cut Rocky down when he foolishly tried to argue with a dozen G-man machine-guns. Mitts came back to town, with a Thompson sub-machine gun as part of his collection. He announced that he was ready for business.

His first job was the Last National Bank. Mitts loaded himself down with all his weapons, hired a taxi and got out a block from the bank. Checking the address from a newspaper clipping which announced that ten million dollars had been deposited yesterday at the bank, he started off.

Outside the revolving doors, Mitts looked around, saw the sidewalk momentarily empty, then yanked his two biggest revolvers and leaped in.

"Stick 'em up! Get 'em up! One false move and I shoot to kill!" he roared.

The bank was very quiet. Everybody had their hands up. Everybody, that is, but four desperate-looking characters with masks over their faces, who stood gawking at the heavily armed Mitts.

"My golly!" thought Mitts. "I'm robbing a bank that's already *being* robbed!"

He tried to shove his guns back into his pockets, but one of them went off. The masked men figured Mitts was shooting at them, so they whirled and fired back. Bullets zipped past him. He turned to run, heard a police siren wailing. Then the masked men were on top of him, knocking him down and rushing wildly over his prostrate body in a headlong dash for the street.

Mitts staggered up and ran in the opposite direction, dropping pistols as he ran . . .

* * * *

Next day Mitts stared at the morning paper in disgust!

"How d'ya like dat?" he asked his cup of coffee. "Unknown Hero Saves Ten Million In Bank Holdup! I set out to rob dat bank—and turn out to be a hero! It's disgusting!"

He walked up and down his room, hands behind his back. "I gotta think of something to save my reputation. I just gotta! Hmmm... I'm no good at robbin'. Maybe I could knock somebody off and get myself a reputation. Dat's it! I'll pull a stickup and if the guy shows fight, I'll bump 'im off!"

Mitts loaded himself down with the rest of his guns, and when it was dark, he set out on a walk around the town. He came finally to a dark alleyway near a theatre, where he saw a well-dressed man standing in the gloomy shadows near the stage door.

"Boy, dat guy is ripe fer da pickin'! Look at dat swell tuxedo he's got. Wheee! Dis'll be a cinch!"

Mitts tiptoed up behind the man, thrust the cold, round muzzle of his gun into the stranger's back. "Up with 'em, friend. Don't try no fight—or I blast ya!"

The man did not move. Mitts nudged him again, harder, with the end of his gun. "Ya hear me, bud? Turn around, wise guy!"

The man was still. Mitts lost his temper,

slammed the barrel of his gun against the man's head. The man whirled, leaped at Mitts. Mitts went over backwards, both guns roaring and flaming hot lead.

He heard the bullets thud into the man's body—thump! thump! thump! The man rolled over, free of Mitts. Without another look, his heart pounding, Mitts went tearing off down the alleyway.

Mitts exulted, "Boy, oh boy! Wait'll de gang on Marble Hill hears about dis. I'm a moiderer, I am! Dere's probably a police dragnet out for me right now. I better go into hiding!"

And Mitts slowed his pace, swung to the left and ran out onto a brightly lighted sidewalk. He muttered, "Dey won't look fer me here where everybody is walkin' and talkin'. Dis is really using me brains."

A little old lady was standing at the curb, looking very helpless as she stared back and forth at the lines of moving cars.

She said wistfully as Mitts came within ear-shot, "Dear, dear, I don't think I'm ever going to cross this street."

An inspiration came to Mitts. He grinned, "Lemme help ya, lady?"

"Oh, sir. You're so good. It would be a pleasure!"

"Da pleasure's all mine," replied Mitts, taking her elbow. He was thinking, "Da coppers will never suspect a guy helpin' an old lady across the street. Dis is a swell cover-up for a killer!"

When they had crossed the street, the old lady beamed at Mitts and said, "You're such a kind gentleman, I insist you come into my house while I make you a cup of tea."

This was *perfect*, thought Mitts! The police would never find him now! He was safe!

"Thank you, lady. I'll be glad to."

They walked slowly down one street and up the next, past a row of brownstone houses and into a dark sidestreet.

"Okay, sucker!" snapped the "old lady." "Hand over your wallet!"

"*HUH?*" cried Mitts. "Hey, you ain't no dame! You're a —"

"That's right. A stickup man. Fork over, bud!"

Mitts stared at the deadly little automatic the "old lady" held, then reached into his back pocket and passed over his wallet.

"At least," he said to himself, "I still got the satisfaction of knowin' I bumped off a guy earlier tonight!"

* * * *

Mitts slammed the newspaper against the sunlight-dappled wall of his apartment in disgust.

"How d'ya like dat? A *clothing dummy*! I shot a clothing dummy last night! Da whole city must be laughin' at my stupidity! Boy, I'll never get to be Public Enemy Number One

at dis rate. Or even number *one-hundred*! I gotta think of somethin' else!"

Mitts went for a walk to calm down and think clearly. As he was passing a neat section of the city, he saw a little boy about nine years old playing catch. The boy was well-dressed, clean, and apparently the son of well-to-do parents.

Mitts began to grin. "Maybe I been missin' my opportunity. It's *kidnapping*! Sure, dat's my racket from now on. All I gotta do is lure the brat—"

He ran to the nearest stationery store and bought five cents' worth of bubble gum. "He'll fall fer dis, all right," chortled Mitts, as he sauntered carelessly along the sidewalk.

"Hiya, kiddo," he said to the boy. "Ya like bubble gum?"

"With me it's a business," the boy said. "I'm block champion at blowing up the stuff!"

"Ya are?" asked Mitts in surprise. "I was champeen of school 3526 when I was in da fift' grade. Hey—let's have a contest!"

So, chewing their bubble-gum, warming up to the real contest with four- and five-inch bubbles, Mitts and the boy went into the park.

Mitts put all his effort into one huge bubble. It grew and grew and grew—and blew up in his face! He was covered with deflated bubble-gum that hid his eyes, was all over his shirt front, and on his cheeks.

"Moider!" roared Mitts. "I'm a disgrace to da profession of gangster! Suppose da coppers see me?"

"Sssssh," whispered the boy. "Come along with me. I'll take you to my Boys' Club. Adults aren't allowed, but you can hide in a closet there while I get your clothes cleaned."

The boy led Mitts by the hand across the street, up a sidewalk and down another. They tiptoed into a room. Mitts, still with the bubble-gum on his face, let himself be put in a closet. He took off his shirt and coat and handed them to the boy.

The boy slammed the locker door. He said, "I'll send somebody to let you out, mister. In the meantime, don't bother looking for your coat. I'm taking it back with me. I'm helping myself to what's in your pockets. So long—gangster!"

Mitts roared. He fumbled for the door. There was no handle on the inside. He was going to have to wait here, shirtless and coatless, for somebody to let him out.

"I'm quittin'!" he yelled. "I'm goin' in fer some other means of making a few cents. It's pretty bad when a guy sets out to kidnap a kid—and winds up gettin' kidnapped himself!"

Today Mitts is a reformed gangster. You want to know what he does? Sssssh . . . don't tell anybody. He grows petunias. Does very nicely, too.

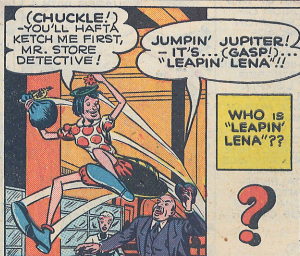
THE END

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SEGEL
JOE SHUSTER



GIMMIE'S DEPARTMENT STORE.



WHO IS
"LEAPIN'
LENA"??



FUNNYMAN

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE UNACQUAINTED WITH THE ORIGIN OF THE BOUNCY BANDIT KNOWN AS "LEAPIN' LENA", WE WILL DRAW SOME PICTURES -- INASMUCH AS WE'RE TEMPORARILY OUT OF DIAGRAMS.

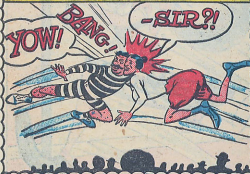
THIS IS GOOSEQUILL MCFARTHINGALE -- FAMED BROADJUMPER.



AND THIS -- (UGH!) -- IS SPRING UPANDOWNE... FAMED HIGH-JUMPER.



THE TWO RAN INTO ONE ANOTHER, YEARS AGO, AT A CONTEST STAGED BY THE ACROBATS' MARCHING AND CHOWDER 'CLUB...



IT WAS A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT.

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! - (PANT!) - MARRY ME... OR... I'LL NEVER BROAD-JUMP AGAIN!

HOORAY!! - HE'S OUT O' HIS MIND! - I'LL TAKE UP HIS OFFER B'FORE HE RETURNS TO HIS SENSES!



OUT OF THIS UNION OF CHAMPION BROAD-JUMPER AND CHAMPION HIGH-JUMPER EMERGED "LEAPIN' LENA" -- THE HUMAN KANGAROO -- WHO HAS CHOSEN TO DIRECT HER REMARKABLE LEAPING TALENTS INTO CHANNELS OF CRIME!



CORNERED! - I'LL DUCK THESE SQUARES WITH A SURPRISE ANGLE!

AND ON THAT VERY SAME ESCALATOR... ACE COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS, ACCOMPANIED BY JUNE FARRELL, HIS BEAUTEOUS MANAGER.

YOU NEEDN'T LOOK SO BORED. IT ISN'T OFTEN I ASK YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME ON A SHOPPING EXPEDITION.

(YAWN!) - THIS IS PROBABLY THE DULLEST DAY OF MY LIFE.



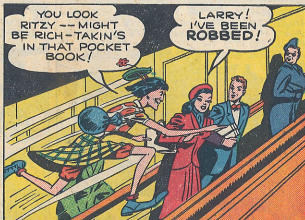
CHEER UP LARRY! 'TWO'N' BE FOR LONG!

FUNNYMAN



GOT TH' LOOT -- BUT I STILL GOTTA EVADE TH' LAW!

STOP THAT WOMAN!!



YOU LOOK RITZY -- MIGHT BE RICH-TAKIN'S IN THAT POCKET BOOK!

LARRY! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!



GOOD GRIEF! OUR ONE-AND-ONLY COPY OF THE SCRIPT FOR TOMORROW'S BROADCAST IS IN THAT POCKETBOOK!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK! -- GANGWAY!



BUT AS LARRY AND THE STORE-DETECTIVES REACH THE SECOND FLOOR...

TH' TROUBLE WITH YOU'N IS YER ALL WRAPPED UP IN YERSELFS!

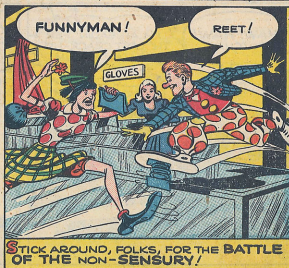
AGH!

TAKE IT OFF!



UNDER COVER OF THE SCREENING CLOTH, LARRY DAVIS REVERSES GARMENTS. -- INTO VIEW SPRINGS ... FUNNYMAN!

WHAT "LEAPIN' LENA" NEEDS IS A GOOD CRANK -- AN' THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!



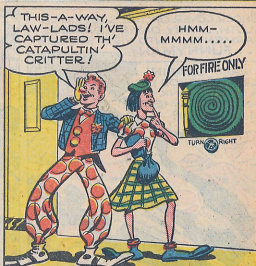
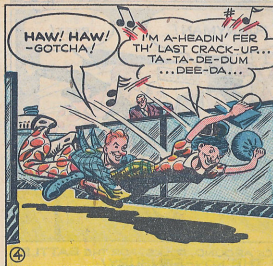
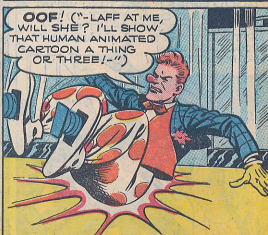
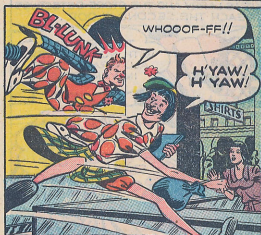
FUNNYMAN!

REET!

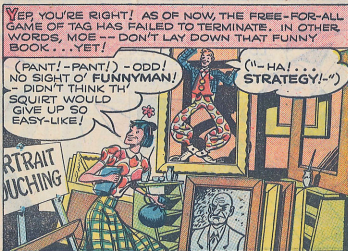
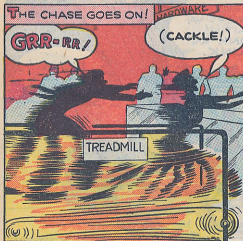
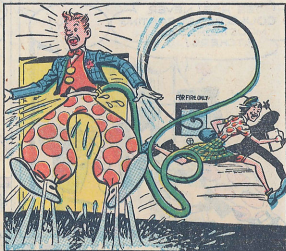
GLOVES

STICK AROUND, FOLKS, FOR THE BATTLE OF THE NON-SENSURY!

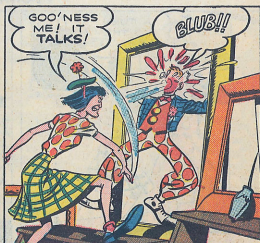
FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



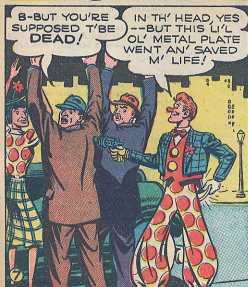
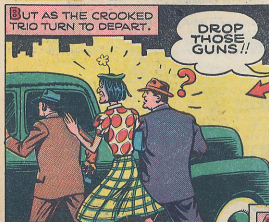
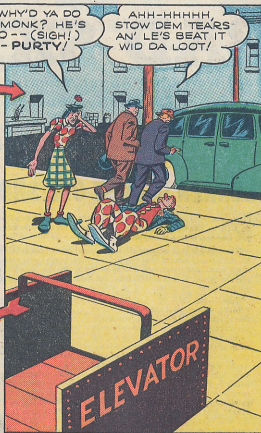
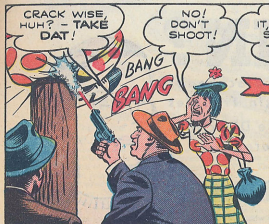
FUNNYMAN



BUT HURTLING IN PURSUIT--THAT DARING DOPE...FUNNYMAN!



FUNNYMAN



AND SO FUNNYMAN TURNED LENA AND HER MOBSTER ACCOMPLICES OVER TO THE POLICE. LATER--AS LARRY DAVIS...



THE END.

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference—Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unattractive skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 36, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



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